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GARGOYLE
Featuring:
BORDERS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE
THE ORIGINS OF SUPER MARIO
TALES OF AN IMMATURE MAN
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Big Sue Gets an Education

BY BRETT SANDLER

Shocked. Appalled. Soiled. These are the only words I can use to describe my outrage after hearing Mary "Big Sue" Coleman's now double-platinum single "Fuck tha Garg". I was taken aback, depressed and needed to change my diaper. While Ann Arbor plummets into an upper-class, WASP filled swamp, how can we hold our heads above the 99% with such a pedestrian president in power? As a prominent voice for justice in the local community, we here at the Gargoyle understand that we cannot remain silent to Mrs. Coleman's gross and slanderous attack on not only ourselves as an entity, but the moral values that hold Ann Arbor together. Consequently, myself and several other Gargoyle writers took it upon ourselves to reply to our president/rap mogul in the only manner we feel she will understand: sick rhymes. Please take some time, twist a forty top and enjoy our lyrical rebuttal to "Fuck tha Garg".

"Dang Mary Sue, That's Fucked Up"
by The Kids From Around the Garg

Listen up y'all ,
Mary Sue is being a dick y'all.
The Garg's got pride,
Hella gay members.
Also other sexual orientations.
People who don't smoke weed.
People who do smoke weed.
Talkin' about respectin' diversity.

Straighten up Big Sue
Cause it's really not cool
To sling racial slurs
At a public school

You smoked all the weed
Now Ann Arbor is dry
Prices like tuition
A damn mile high

You're big on respect
Gotta give it to get it
But dissin' on the Garg
Well you better forget it

We're steppin' up our game
Bringin yours down a bit
Be careful this weekend
One hint: ding. dong. ditch

Lock your doors
Hide that bong you've been hittin'
We've got a master-plan
(Phase 1)
No TP when you're shittin'

No holds barred
Ya we're bringin' our best
These pranks are just beginnin'
(Phase 2)
Itching powder in your vest

Double agents here and there
It's true, we got a few
The mailman ain't yours
(Phase 3)
Is that a letter from mom
Or just poo?

The thought of fightin' you
Brings tears to my eyes
I'm shaking with laughter
Clutchin' my sides

Your talk's too big
All ya got are bloopers
You're like too many clowns
Stuck in one mini-cooper

1-2-3-4 it's the Gargoyle
Knockin' at your door,
and then quickly leaving.
Classic pranks, major retribution.
No way we're done yet.

The Garg's got stacks
Check your facts,
Who's got your back
When we attack?

Total war,
We'll bring it to you
Ann Arbor red at dawn
We'll even smoke cigarettes
On your lawn

Why don't you get it?
The cavalry ain't coming
By land or by air
Your friends. Our pockets.
Snyder, Kwame,
Even Chamillionaire

We've got great writers
And our art's off the chain
Got a red phone on the desk
When we need advice
From Gucci Mane

I saw you at graduation
One hand on your heart
A Bud in the other
Crackin' a smile, Crackin' a fart

So just stop frontin'
And talking about blunts
Your whole game's a fake
And I'm sick of this stunt

DPS: crime alert
Mary Sue caught
Smoking on campus
Two officers dead
Damn Sue, that's just classless

Let's mix it up,
this is where the beat changes
and damn it is just so fresh,
enjoy how fresh this new beat is.

Let's investigate
Your boundless hate
For Frosted Flakes
Although they taste so great
You break your fast and feed
On freshmen's fears
Of affording your prison
For four whole years

Taking payouts from
Johnson & Johnson?
But guess who's really
suckin' their Johnson?
We gonna knock you down a peg
Not pullin your leg
You try to suck our pockets dry
Like you're gargoylin' a keg

Independent, inventive,
Lyrically descended
We bring in stacks
Write our balance in black
Bringin' ruthless truth
Best be receptive
Just like your parent's
Broken contraceptive

You put an end to your friends
To be a big money spenda
Your smille's sickly sweet
Half plaque, half splenda
I'm tired of your shit
And my patience's wearing thin
Stop askin me to battle
You won't ever win

But wait, that's your mistake,
We won't take a break
We gonna hit you hard
Like balls and a rake
No fakin', it's great when you
Challenge our rep
Cause we're ahead of you by like
Fifty steps

Aw ya, one last verse to send ya home.
Rolled up real tight, take a hit of this
and it's good night.
Skunk Kush Productions.

Let's wrap this up
Get it all right
Sit down, Lil' Sue
And give me a light

I'll blow smoke in your face
And ash on your favorite rug
Sure, it pulled the room together,
But between us there's no love

Now let me explain
You're down the wrong road
Enslaving the freshmen?
That's against the honor code

You need to clean up your act
Be a lion, not a mouse
Stop defrauding the Fed
And TPing the Big House

Some more advice
Before I forget
Close the casinos
Sell your private jet

I've preached enough
So let's end where we began
This really sums it all up
A simple thought
From a simple man:

Your next fireside chat:
"Eugenics and a Light Sup"?
Dang Mary Sue,
That's fucked up.

GarGOyle BRAND MAGAZINE

Volume CII, Number 4 Summer 2011

staff

Jake Rosen . . . . . First Openly Jewish EIC
Nikita Desai . . . . . Dot Or Feather?
Megan Mockeridge . . . . . Mumbles
Dylan Box . . . . . Remembers VG Cats
Michael Stephens . . . . . What A Queelag
Ben Schlanger . . . . . Richard Dawkins' Best Friend
Kat Tomchuck . . . . . Cats Upchuck

Sara Bendler . . . . . Twilight Sparkle
Amelia Bennett . . . . . Gives Her Fudging Damndest
Brandon Beran . . . . . Professional Mad Libber
Pavel Borisov . . . . . Bagels And Gorgeous Lox
Julia Braid . . . . . Digital Lover
David Carr . . . . . Comic Lumberjack
Adrian Choy . . . . . Rear Admiral Of The Boner Patrol
Rob Davis . . . . . Kid Diddler
Nick Drew . . . . . Not Jerome. Not. Jerome.
Peter Eldred . . . . . Treefolk
Margaret Hitch . . . . . Hitch-show Barbie
Sean Kermath . . . . . Diddled Kid
Josh Kochis . . . . . Just Kochin'
Rose Jaffe . . . . . Freelance Art Whore
Kyle Landgraf . . . . . Lamb Graft
Kaleah Mabin . . . . . Got Leaky Butt
Simin Manole . . . . . Reproduces Asexually
Michael McCrindle . . . . . Our Own Little Work Pony
Jake Offenhartz . . . . . Jake Often Farts
Rubin Quarcoopome . . . . . Still Uses Google+
Fernando Sanchez . . . . . Francisco Guzman
Brett Sandler . . . . . Stop Asking Us To Go To FurCon
Max Smouha . . . . . Occupies Bawl Street
Sango Tajima . . . . . Megan Has Friends?
Sam Trochio . . . . . Big Swangin' Dick
Stuart Vandenbrink . . . . . Throwable Man-Child
Natalie Voss . . . . . Birth Of A Salesman
Laruen Walkiewicz . . . . . Bride Of Ghost Of Dean Koontz
Ross Warman . . . . . Orignial Queen Member

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Table of Contents

1. We're Comic-al!
2. That Page
3. This Page
4. "Cultural" Page
5. Mail
6. Our Favorite Book
7. Fudge You!
8. The New Twenty-Seven
9. Now With More Capes
10. Man. Mustache. Legend.
11. Article is in Another Castle
12. Comes With Baggage!
13. Jazzy Dildos Half Off
14. Oh Brother
15. Your Body is Christ's
16. Let's Play FFF
17. (All 3 Fs are for Football)
18. Turning to a New Chapter
19. Chapter 11, that is!
20. Bored of Games?
21. Trickster God
22. Add the Adderall
23. Subtract the ADD
24. Construction Makes Bank

GarGOyle

Things to Do this Fall

We at the Gargoyle assume that our readers don't have much to do and that's not by choice. I mean, if you had anything remotely interesting to do, why would you be reading this? We asked several staff members what they like to do in Ann Arbor and they provided us with these recommendations. Who knows, with our help, maybe you'll make some friends or a creative work of your own. As long as that "creative work" you make isn't a suicide note, we consider it a job well done. And no, we don't want to tape it to the office fridge.

Something to Watch: *Cabaret*

(For when you want to feel like a classy 1960s socialite going to the theater.)

Cabaret is a musical that first hit Broadway in 1966. It contains just about every topic considered controversial at the time, most of which remain controversial today. Nazis? Has it. Abortion? Has it. Homosexuality? Has it. Prostitutes? Does it ever! Set at the famed Kit Kat Klub in Germany, the musical follows the romance of cabaret performer Sally Bowles and American writer Cliff Bradshaw. Whether you love theater or just half naked ladies dancing on chairs, this is the show for you. It is being performed November 18th, 19th, and 20th at the Power Center by the all student-run musical group MUSKET.

Recommended by Kat Tomchuck

Something Else to Watch: *Downton Abbey*

(For when you want to make fun of and/or masturbate to classy 1920s socialites.)

Have you been known to rent old BBC period dramas like *Pride and Prejudice* on a Friday night and watch them alone in your dark living room while you masturbate furiously? Then this show is going to make you jack off so hard that you'll have the forearms of a stevedore. A Cockney stevedore that ALSO belongs in a BBC miniseries. *Downton Abbey* is a beautifully shot, gorgeously written, character driven period drama set before and during WWI that focuses on the lives of the Crawley family, the owners of *Downton Abbey*, and their staff. It's funny, it's tragic, it's poignant and most of all, it's got hot British guys in cravats with English and Irish accents. Did I mention they were British? If you haven't heard this recommendation from us, you've heard it from someone else. It's literally the most critically acclaimed show of the year. Seriously, just cancel everything for the weekend, dim the lights, warm the lube, and go to town.

Recommended by Anonymous

Something to "Read": TMNTN

(For when you don't want to feel like a classy socialite in the least bit.)

What's better than pictures of famous people? I nose. Pictures of famous people with motherfucking Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle noses. That's right. Teenagemutantninjanoses.tumblr.com is everything you've ever really wanted in one blog. It is no exaggeration when I say this is the greatest website ever. Besides, of course, the Gargoyle website (www.gargmag.com), which you should totally check out. Captain Jack Sparrow? Ninja turtle nose. Barack Obama? Ninja turtle nose. Gandhi? Yeah, he's got a ninja turtle nose, too. The tagline to this magnificent site is "GOD IS THE ARTIST. I JUST FIND THE NINJA TURTLE IN HIS WORK." I pray that its author never stops posting. You can even post your own Ninja Turtle Nose if you want. The author's only stipulation is you must submit your work of art while you are naked. A small hurdle to be part of such a great movement, if you ask me.

Recommend by Francisco Guzman

Somewhere to Go: Rendez-vous

(For when you want to feel like a classy 1950s socialite smoking.)

Tired of trusting a stranger to watch your stuff at the UGLi while you go out for a smoke? Roommate giving you shit about the smell? Wish there was a place where you could light up while you study and the second-hand smoke came in thirty-one delicious flavors? That wish sounds pretty specific, you say. That's because it's not a wish. It's real. It's the Smoka Hookah Lounge over the Rendez-vous Café. Yes, you can smoke your cigarettes there, too. When I go, I like to get a coffee, sit back and imagine it's the 1950s (or like 12 years ago). For a one-two punch to my life-span, sometimes I go downstairs and eat.

Pro-tip: Inject some child-like wonder into your nasty habit. Turn smoking into an arts and craft activity. Roll your own! I go to the Maison Edwards Tobacconist in Nickels Arcade - where I can smoke while I shop! Buying from a privately owned, independent business makes me feel so good about myself that I almost forget that smoking will kill me one day.

Recommended by Megan Mockeridge

Something to Eat: Pilar's Tamales

(For when you want to eat like a classy socialite... in Mexico.)

tamale |tə'mälē|

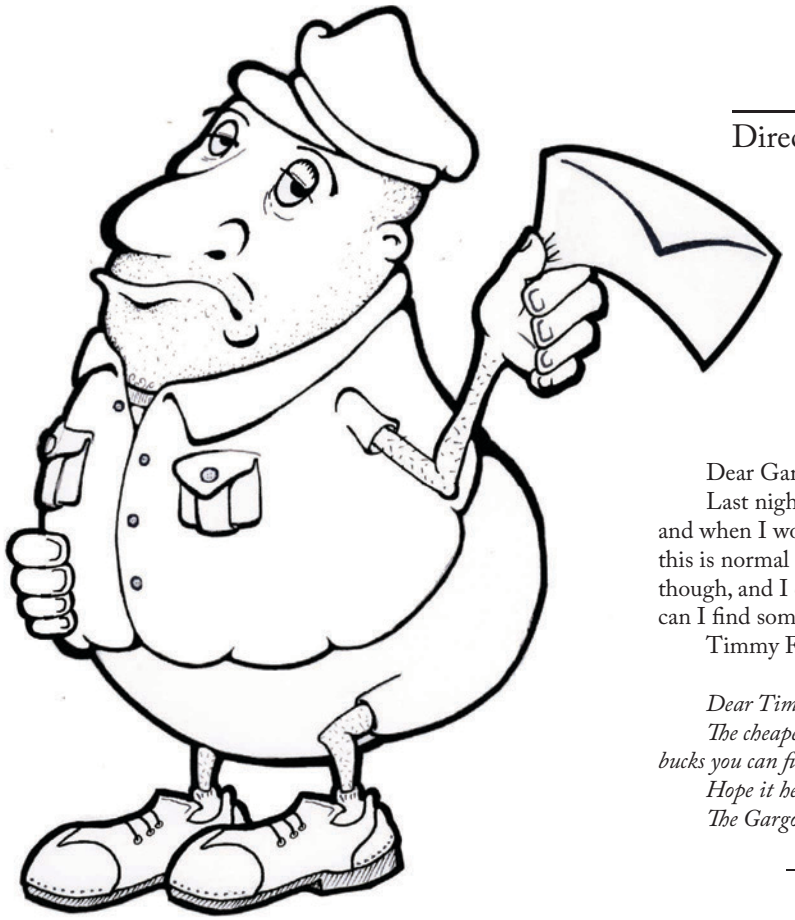
noun
1. a Latin dish of seasoned filling wrapped in cornmeal dough and steamed or baked in corn husks.
2. a fluffy baby angel wrapped in steaming hot deliciousness.

As I stood there in front of the Pilar's Tamales stand at the Ann Arbor Farmer's Market, watching Pilar tenderly unwrap my Christmas pork tamale with olives and capers, I fell in love with this woman. Pilar is the mother I never had (besides my current mother). A single tear ran down my cheek as she put extra cauliflower on my plate and shot me a smile that I like to think she reserves just for me. I released a sigh of bliss as I imagined myself wriggling into her womb, swimming in the warmth of her Salvadoran benevolence - the love and care that Pilar provides to every tamale she hand wraps.

To taste true happiness, go to Pilar's Tamale stand at the Ann Arbor Farmer's market. These heavenly parcels are stuffed with everything from meat and vegetables to tropical fruit. Get a tamale with a side salad for $4 or a mini-meal with a drink for $7. I recommend the hibiscus tea and watermelon juice mix - the jizz of Jesus.
Pilar remembered my name the other day. I sobbed.

Recommended by Sango Tajima

Mail



Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
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www.gargmag.com

Hey Gargoyle,

Can you recommend me an affordable shampoo? My hair is often dry due to frequent dehydration. Do you know of a good water source, by the way? I have limited financial resources. And I live in Sudan. What's the Gargoyle? God, I hope this makes it to Red Cross. It's hot out. And I'm cold.

Please help,

Dear Sir or Madam,

We would be happy to provide you with water, shampoo, and a three-story jet fighter that can transform into a five-story house piloted by a beautiful ageless man or woman, but, due to your illegible signature, we don't know who to send them to. So we're just going to keep them for ourselves.

Tough titties,
The Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyles,

I can't believe your show got canceled. It was the best thing on Disney. Way better than that pussy Mighty Ducks bullshit.

Goliath + Demona 4 eva,
Xanatosfan93

Dear Dumbass,

We have no idea what you're talking about, but it's probably stupid. Also, Elisa was way better for Goliath.

The Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

Last night, I had a dream about Suzie in my geometry class and when I woke up my underwear was sticky. Nurse Sutton says this is normal for a growing boy at my age. Nurse Sutton is a girl, though, and I don't know. So I thought I would ask you -- where can I find some cheap sluts to bang?

Timmy Ferguson

Dear Timmy,

The cheapest we've found are at Betsy Barbour, but for an extra ten bucks you can find girls who do the ***real*** *dirty stuff at Martha Cook.*

Hope it helps,
The Gargoyle

Yo Darth Vader,

Why you such a punk bitch? Who is this? The fucking Emperor! Ohhhh shit, son! Thought you killed me with that fucking judo throw off a ledge? I'm the goddamn Emperor, Vader! Palpatine, son! I built the fucking Death Star as a miniature version of my nuts, son! Shit, son, I jack off with lightning! You can't touch me! Wait, what you mean he died? Vader died? Again? He's a what? A fucking ghost? Jesus, that's fucking stupid! What's he do now? Just float around and smile at his whiny bitch son and those furry ewok fucks? Shit.

Signed,

Emperor "Horse-choker," "FEMA President," "The Real Slim Shady," "Anderson Cooper," "John Grisham's Biggest Fan," "Tupac's Murderer" Palpatine

P.S. I rule everything around me. Wutang, SON!

Dear Palpatine,
What.
The Gargoyle

Dear Dr. Foghorn,

You did a horrible job on my abortion. I thought my stomach was growing due to post-abortion guilt weight gain, but last night I pooped out a baby. I want a refund.

Jebelda Smith

Dear Jebelda,

Maybe you should have thought twice before you got an abortion from an anthropomorphic rooster with a southern accent.

Next time, go to Pepe le Pew,
The Gargoyle

THE IMMATURE MAN'S GUIDE:
BEING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION
-By Ben Schlanger-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1: Why Be the Center of Attention?

Quit Being Boring. *1*
History Lesson: The Polite are Forgotten,
The Boisterous are Remembered. *9*
Negative Attention is Better Than No Attention. *15*
Listening is for Losers. *19*
This is What It Feels Like to be Popular. *24*
Female Psychology:
Why Loose Women Love Jackasses *30*

Chapter 2: Becoming the Center of Attention

Using Humor. *36*
The Art of Storytelling *44*
Stealing Jokes from Comedians *52*
Lying to be Interesting *57*
Faking Knowledge *65*
Clothing: If It's Tasteful, It's Wrong. *70*

Chapter 3: When Wit Fails

Causing Minor Mayhem *75*
Excuses to Start Yelling *83*
Controversial Topics:
Igniting Disruptive Arguments *90*
Trolling *99*
The Penis Game *104*

Chapter 4: Dealing with Competition

Someone Else is Getting Attention,
and Why This is Emasculating *108*
Exerting Dominance *117*
Subtle Belittling *125*
Blatant Belittling *132*
You Have Been Bested:
Now for Petty, Passive-Aggressive Revenge *138*

Chapter 5: Alcohol -- a Powerful Tool

Disguising Obvious Attention-Whorish
Behavior as Drunken Revelry *144*
Amazing Others with the Quantity You've Imbibed. . . *155*
Talking About Other Times You've Been Drunk *160*
Pretending to be a Connoisseur
Instead of Just a Boring, Talkative Drunk *164*

Chapter 6: You're Losing Your Audience:
Last Ditch Efforts & Techniques

Making Crying Look Sincere *170*
Wardrobe Malfunctions *176*
Degrading Yourself Without Losing Face *181*
Inciting Violence:
The Right Way and the Wrong Way. *191*
You've Lost the Center of Attention:
Time to Leave *199*

BEN & JERRY'S DOESN'T GIVE A FUDGING DAMN

by Amy Bennett and Pavel Borisov

DEAR CUSTOMER

Don't say we didn't try. For years, our company's mission has not only been to fill the stomachs of the American people with high-quality ice cream - but also to churn the dreams and aspirations of our nation. We hoped that our Americone Dreams ice cream, with its succulent fudge, vanilla, freedom and waffle cone pieces, would inspire you to imitate its gas-inducing glory through your actions. We hoped that you would emulate the pure, wholesome toffee and cookie bits of our Imagine Whirled Peace ice cream. Yet for thirty years, you've continued to ignore our creamy muses and drive this country into the ground. In a final stab at helping you guys out, we created our "Schweddy Balls" flavor to lighten up the goddamn mood in here. But we've had to recall that flavor, because you can't even take a joke which was, frankly, vanilla. America, our company is sick of this crap. We just don't give a caramel-coated shit anymore.

So we're abandoning our former goals. We've got a chocolate chip on our shoulder. It's time to give America a piece of our goddamned mind. We'd like to introduce our new line of ice creams, which we call "Ben and Jerry's Doesn't Give a Fudging Damn."

Berry Drunk - Half wild berry sorbet, half Everclear, entirely approved as a homeopathic children's cough syrup. Sold only by the pint glass. Two for one during happy hour.

Americone Recession - Imported from China, made with a loving mixture of child labor, lead paint and spoiled milk. Best enjoyed in your 1989 Toyota on your way to the temp agency.

College is Not a Sherbet - Served in cup made of recycled bachelor's degrees and student loan bills, this coffee and ramen flavored treat will remind you of a simpler, more self-absorbed time.

Unemploymint – Who are you kidding? You can't get hired out of college, so take a seat on your new futon in your parent's basement and get comfortable with this bowl of ice cream - you aren't going anywhere soon. It features extra minty coldness, much like the job market.

It Hurts When I Pecan - A Greek life favorite.

Iraqi Road - Drives the government deeper into debt with every scoop sold. The only ice cream ever to have been protested by Fred Phelps (so far.)

Your Parents Banana Split Up - Gets its unique medicinal taste and depression-soothing texture from the four servings of ground Prozac in every scoop.

Disillusionmint - We've quintupled the mint flavor, and mixed in a veterinary-strength laxative. This flavor is guaranteed to make you feel cold and empty inside.

Baby Batter - As Monty Python says, "When a sperm is wasted, God gets quite irate." This 100% God approved ice cream is processed without wasting a drop of precious semen.

Menstruation Placation - With its dark chocolate ripples dotted with a variety of prescription-strength pain killers, this ice cream is better with the ladies than you are.

The final flavor we'd like to introduce is entitled **"Masturbating Hobo with Piss-Coated Glass Chunks"** . This is actually our traditional vanilla flavor. We know no one orders it anyway.

Gargoyle
News Service

Catholicism to Reboot New Testament

BY KYLE LANDGRAF

In a controversial move, the Vatican recently announced to the world its plans to reboot its Biblical canon; a move described by Pope Benedict XVI as "A way to streamline our most beloved Biblical characters and to hopefully attract some new followers."

Benedict acknowledged to the remaining thirty Catholics during the recent Vatican City Comic-Con panel that the recent accusations and scandals associated with the Church, prominent among them the P.R. nightmare *Jesus and Mel Gibson: Time Warriors* crossover, were responsible for a severe drop in readership.

"Yeah, we really shot ourselves in the foot with that one," admitted Benedict in a hilarious European accent. "We decided the best way to restore the glory of Roman Catholicism was to restart everything from the beginning, preferably with more explosions and shiny new costumes."

"Everything's getting a reboot nowadays," continued the infallible Benedict. "Spider-Man, the Hulk, Batman, Star Trek, Star Wars, heck even fairy tales like 'Snow White' and 'Hansel and Gretel' are getting new, grim reboots. Hasbro's game Battleship is getting one! Yeah, I know right? That stupid little game you play with plastic pegs on a grid. Now it's about alien invaders and stars Liam Neeson. Everybody loves these reboots. We'd be crazy NOT to start over!"

He went on (after asking everyone in the panel if they loved Disney's *Tangled* as much as he did) to clarify that this reboot applies only to the New Testament. "There are certain ownership issues we don't really want to get into there," stated Benedict when questioned by reporter Mordecai Birkowitz of the Boca Raton Inquirer, "But rest assured, all of your favorite prophets will be back in some way or another."

Benedict went on to introduce the aspects of the new Bible and the changes occurring with its characters, as well as the new writing teams for the various gospels. "It's tough for a Christian today to identify with people who lived two millennia ago," explained Benedict. "We want to reach out to new, supple, young readers… IN A COMPLETELY NON-SEXUAL WAY IF I'M NOT BEING CLEAR," he quickly assured the skeptical panel.

The Pope elaborated, "Kids today don't care about classic characters like Mary Magdalene, John the Baptist, Aquaman, and the Three Wise Men anymore. And why should they? They don't have cool powers or anything."

Benedict then proceeded to introduce some of the new Bible's creative teams, prominent among them acclaimed Green Lantern writer, creative influence, and newly appointed Archbishop Geoff Johns. Johns described his creative process:

"It was obvious to me from the start that there weren't nearly enough Green

Lanterns in the Bible," began Johns. "If the Bible was missing anything for me, it was definitely Green Lanterns. Benny over here agreed with me. We wanted a fresh, exciting Biblical narrative to bring in new readers. Also explosions and bright colors."

Benedict, Johns, and the rest of the new Bible's creative team proceeded to outline the New Testament's various characters and their newly updated personalities in greater detail:

"Historically the Bible has always lacked sex-appeal," explained newly appointed Cardinal and new Bible writer Frank Miller. "Even the prostitute character was pretty useless. Not one table dancing scene! Hell, she didn't even go on one lousy cocaine binge! With the reboot we are introduced to an edgier, sexier Mary Magdalene, who invariably will have a debilitating drug problem, as is to be expected with my writing."

Race evidently was an important factor in these new Gospels, especially in the wake of the new half-Black, half-Hispanic Spider-Man announced for Marvel Comics' Ultimate imprint. Benedict explained, "Twenty-seven books in the damn testament and everyone's either a Jew or a Roman (maybe a couple Hittites here or there). Talk about boring, am I right? Get ready for a swarthy Latino used-camel salesman John the Baptist, a sarcastic half-wombat half-Australian Saint Peter, and a funky half-black half-superfly Pontius Pilate."

"No gays though," admitted the 265th Pope. "We have to draw the line somewhere."

At this point during the panel, the crowd burst into hysterical applause as Grant Morrison, author of the Eisner Award-winning All-Star Superman, entered the room. Many offered the Scottish visionary writer their virginities, many their first born children, and a few the virginities of their first born children. Hysteria was not confined to women alone. Several men spontaneously grew uteruses, which subsequently fell out of balance (or however that's supposed to work). The disappointment in the room was palpable when Morrison informed the salivating crowd that he was simply wondering if Comic-Con: Vatican City would validate his parking and left shortly after.

"Jesus in particular was difficult to revitalize," explained an irritated Benedict after the crowd's sobbing subsided. "Everyone knows his origin already. Virgin, manger, miracles, nailed to a board. It's a bit blasé. This time around, get ready for an angrier, chain-smoking Messiah nailed to a radioactive crucifix. He's got a bone to pick with an updated rogues gallery including Satan, Judas, Black Manta, Captain Cold, and a nefarious time-travelling J.K. Rowling trying to corrupt our children with witchcraft and teen drama."

"Christ's temptation by Satan in the desert for example, will be much more exciting than before," chimed in Cardinal Miller. "Rest assured, their subtle battle will now have a lot more action dialogue and unnecessary *300*-esque exposition." Miller went on to read a new passage in which Jesus hurls Satan off a cliff before walking away from a fiery explosion.

"It has become clear to all of us here in Rome that there are NO new ideas to be had anymore," concluded Pope Benedict. "But we're certain that with our fantastic new reboot of the Bible, people will THINK that these ideas are new." Immediately afterwards, he began to distribute 3-D glasses to the crowd as a way to better "enhance" their reading the new Holy Text, explaining "Trust me, it'll be awesome."

The panel ended with mixed opinions. Many expressed their excitement for this reboot, pre-ordering their Bibles immediately afterwards, while many left with mobile phones in hand, frantically converting to Islam via iPhone app.

Uh-ohhh ladies……

Missing your Aunt Flo?

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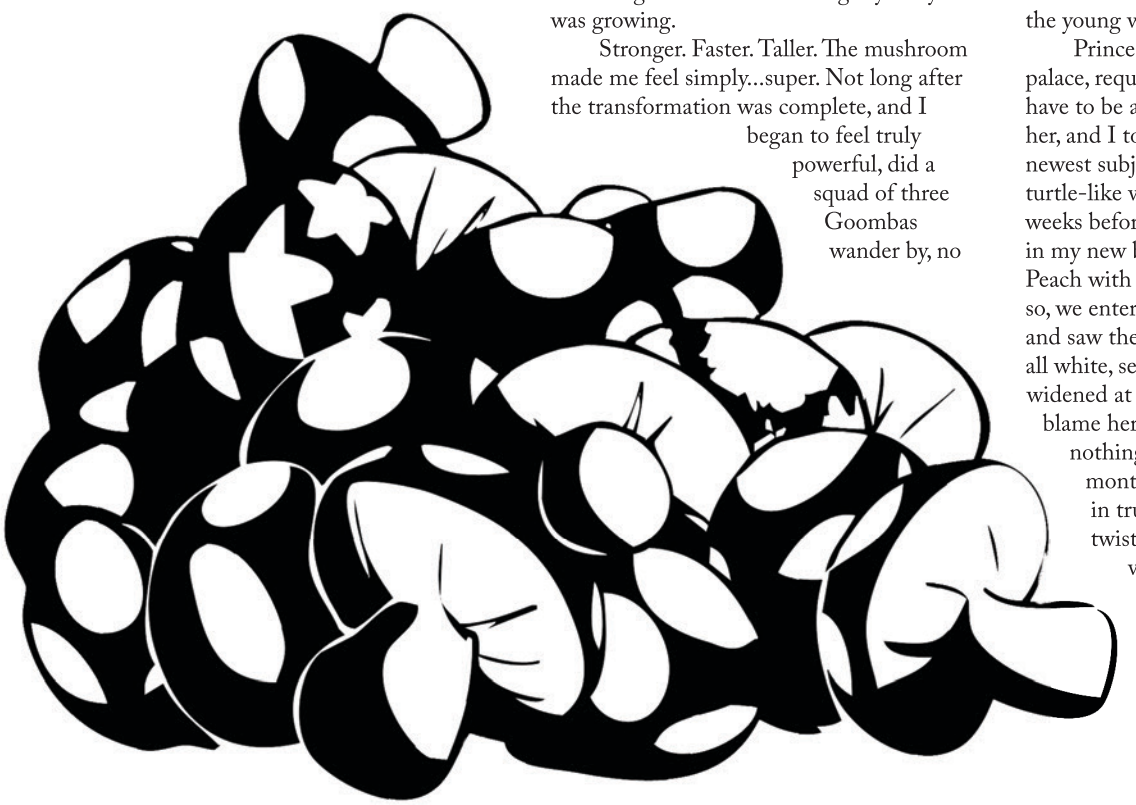
Super Mario: Origins

The Mushroom Kingdom is a cold, cruel place. I would know. I've been trapped here for years. I no longer remember my name. I can't even be sure I ever had one, really. And yet, some of my subjects, these strange, brown, mushroom-shaped creatures we call "Goombas", have given me a title. They call me, "Mar-i-O", a word meaning "widow-maker" in their language. While I can't say I adore it, I must say that I have certainly earned it, along with all my other titles. My power. My wealth. I have risen from nothing, alone and scared, wearing crimson overalls and a cap, with no memory. Risen to the top. Here, in the Mushroom Kingdom, first you get the coins, then you get the power-ups, then...you get the women.

My story begins, as far as I can remember, face-down in a field somewhere. My face was in the shade, and when I wearily raised my head to see what was covering me, I noticed a block, floating calmly in the air. It transfixed me. Obsessed me. How did it come to be? Who made it? How did it float? What did it contain? And so, for days on end, I sat and wondered, breaking only to hide from the patrolling squads of Goombas who occasionally happened by, and to search for food. As one would expect, mushrooms were abundant. Eventually, the curiosity simply overwhelmed me and I strove to break open the block. To see what was within. Fortunately, the block was within reach, and a short hop was all I need to smack it with my hand. Nothing happened. I leapt once more and punched it lightly. A shudder, and nothing more. Frustrated, I bounced up with tremendous power and slammed the block with my fist. It sprang open violently, and out came a mushroom – much larger than the others in the area – which paused in the air for a second before falling to the ground and sliding away as if with a mind of its own. I dashed after it, consumed by a sudden hunger, a sudden longing. I dove on the mushroom and consumed it. Every last bite was ecstasy. I soon felt a shiver down my spine. I shook violently and my eyes bulged as I noticed the chang that was overcoming my body. I was growing.

Stronger. Faster. Taller. The mushroom made me feel simply...super. Not long after the transformation was complete, and I began to feel truly powerful, did a squad of three Goombas wander by, no doubt curious what was making all the noise. I was filled with blood-lust, and before the small creatures could react, I leapt into the air and crushed one of them under my weight. The Goomba exploded into a fine red mist, his organs flattened under my heel. His terrified companions turned to flee, but I was simply too quick in this new body, and soon slew a second creature in the same fashion. Before the third could escape, I cut him off with a swift, cruel punch to the face. Through the Goomba's bloody eyes, he saw the widow-maker, Mar-i-O, in his true power. The Goomba begged for his life, and I, feeling magnanimous, granted him such. On one condition: that he would join me in my new goal, the conquering of the Mushroom Kingdom. The Goomba agreed, tearfully, and lead me to his clan, who soon bowed under my heel, for fear of being crushed by it. And so, my army grew, as did my power, thanks to a steady diet of Super Mushrooms. It was only a matter of time before my conquest attracted the attention of the ruler of the Mushroom Kingdom, the young warrior princess, Peach.



Princess Peach summoned me to her palace, requesting a friendly chat. You'd have to be a fool, of course, not to fear her, and I took with me a squadron of my newest subjects, the Koopas. They were turtle-like warriors who fell to my strength weeks before and agreed to serve me. Even in my new body, I felt safer confronting Peach with companions by my side. And so, we entered her grand meeting hall and saw the warrior princess, dressed in all white, seated on her throne. Her eyes widened at the site of me. And who could blame her? The effects of feasting on nothing but Super Mushrooms for months on end affected my body in truly unexpected ways. It had twisted me. Corrupted me into a vile reflection of the creatures of the Mushroom Kingdom. A rock-hard shell had replaced my smooth, soft skin. I had promptly grafted several large spikes onto it, for war time.

My nails had hardened into a fine set of skin-tearing claws. My face...was completely unfamiliar. The moustache I had once been so proud of had morphed into a snout of sorts, hiding the very new and very sharp set of fangs and canines my now cavernous mouth had become home to. I had even found, to my pleasant surprise, that I could now breath flames at will. I was perfect. Truly terrifying. The Koopas called me their king. Their "Bowser".

"Bowser Mar-i-O," Princess Peach said, "Welcome to my castle. May I ask – and please don't waste my time with lies – why you have been stealing territories and spreading chaos across my Mushroom Kingdom? "

"Simple, princess," I snarled in derision. "I'll never be satisfied until everything belongs to me. I want...what's coming to me."

"And what would that be?"

"The world, princess, and everything in it."

"You can't be serious. Surely you lie!"

"I always tell the truth, Peach. Even when I lie."

Peach's normally cold gaze softened a bit. She sighed deeply and rested her blonde head on her hand.

"Oh, Mar-i-O. How you've changed, my pet."

"Changed? You don't know me at all, Peach."

"Why, of course I do...you...you don't remember anything at all, do you? Your birth? Your escape? I searched for years. I thought you were dead for ages..."

"...I...what?"

"I created you, my pet. Subject 64. You were supposed to be the perfect human. Devoid of errors, capable of great things, and bred to be with me forever. My protector, my assistant...my lover. But you escaped. You killed my subject, Toad. His blood stained your white overalls a cruel, dark red. My last sight of you was a crimson blur as you leapt through the window, into the stormy night."

I was stunned into silence for a very long time. Peach and I locked eyes.

"You were never meant to eat so many Super Mushrooms...they've utterly twisted you into this...thing. My beautiful Subject 64...now their...Bowser."

Another moment of silence passed. I came to a decision.

"Well then! If I was to be your lover, so be it! Koopas! Capture the princess! We rule the Kingdom if we do!"

Peach's eyes flashed with rage, "What the fuck?! You think you can take me? You need a fucking army if you gonna take me!"

* * *

The skirmish for Peach's freedom was violent and hard-fought. The warrior princess slaughtered so many Koopas with her umbrella that their blood had stained her white dress a sickly pinkish hue. In the end, however, her incredible fighting ability proved ineffective against my shell, and I was able to knock her down and have my minions capture her. As we carried her away, however, the dread princess screamed something strange to her minion, Toadsworth. She uttered the following:

"Toadsworth! Release Subject 65! Send him to my rescue! If he dies, just send another! There are hundreds and hundreds of them! Please! Have them defeat this monster of mine! This...this...Bowser!"

BY RUBIN QUARCOOPOME

NEW FROM MATTEL

Shitshow Barbie

Since Barbie's creation on the fourth day of the Universe (Genesis 1:5), she's held a variety of exciting careers, including astronaut, proctologist, short-order cook, and Ugandan child soldier. Now, Mattel is thrilled to introduce Barbie's newest incarnation, which is guaranteed to prove her most popular. Proudly presenting:

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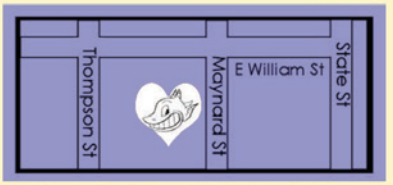

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A *Gargoyle* Interview:
My Brother My Brother and Me

BY BEN SCHLANGER, NIKITA DESAI, PETER ELDRED, and NATALIE VOSS

The McElroy Brothers are the sibling trio behind the renowned comedy podcast My Brother My Brother and Me. Fielding questions from their listeners and the lunatics at Yahoo: Answers, they offer advice on everything from inexpensive self-done colonoscopies to throwing a professional wrestling-themed wedding, turning your problems into wisdom. We got to interview the brothers over Skype and ask them our own asinine questions.

Gargoyle: Why do you think so many of your listeners ask for advice about romance?

Travis McElroy: Yeah, I go through the questions every week and there's pretty much, if we were to go through and sort them out, 75% of them are like "I like someone and I don't know how to tell them" or like "how do I talk to girls" and the other 25% are like "What do I name my baby?"

Justin McElroy: It's funny, I think a lot of that is tied to the era that we're in. I think that the rules for how you pursue a relationship used to be much more regimented. Part of why we get so many questions on that is that the rules have been rewritten, are being rewritten, and people are taking advice less from the established norms and more from aggregating whatever the social opinion, whatever it is at that time. Things change so fast now, you may not know what's socially acceptable just because things are moving so fast and there are so many different rules.

Griffin McElroy: But at the same time, I feel like most of the advice we give out to people like that is shit that our parents have been telling us for years. I don't think that's necessarily healthy.

J: No, I agree with you. I think the answer is a lot of times in subverting that technology.

T: I think it's a good indicator of the fact that apparently no one in this world knows how to talk to each other because that's the question we get more often than not. Like, there's not just one guy who's like "Everyone else is talking to each other and I can't so I'm weird." Like nobody knows how to talk to anybody anymore because we're so disconnected through technology.

G: What we're saying is that we're Luddites.

J: Two of us work on the internet, and we're Luddites.

G: We're not good at it.

Garg: How much editing is done on the show?

G: A lot!

T: We don't usually edit out content. We'll edit out if one of us drops from the call in the middle of it and we have to start over.

G: Which happens a lot. We don't have a lot of technology. We don't have sound proofed studios and shit like that. We're frontiersmen out on the edge of podcasts.

T: And sometimes my cat walks across the laptop.

G: Sometimes one of us has to use the restroom and we'll just get up and leave. And I got to edit that out later.

T: And sometimes we'll burp into the microphone.

G: Sometimes Travis will just do terrible things.

Garg: If you guys could destroy any country in the world, which country would it be?

T: Is there a country that everyone universally agrees sucks?

Garg: Belgium, maybe?

T: I want to walk the line on this one and say... the worst country.

G: Who are we at war with again? Which one is it?

Garg: Nobody knows.

T: Afghan-Iraq, I think.

G: What's the tiniest one?

J: Number one would be the Moon. Number two would be Antarctica. Number three would be America. What's up?

T: I'm going to say Atlantis. I know it's a safe one, but I have a lot of big ideas.

G: So I looked it up. I can't say that! I can't say Vatican City!

J: Vatican City.

G: It is the smallest, though. Only 800 people live there, and one of them's the Pope. I can't pull a Sinead O'Connor on this. But next up is Nauru, and it has 10,000 people. That's significantly more than Vatican City.

T: Are you looking for, like, a twenty person country? That you can destroy by just kicking in the door?

Garg: That's going to be the title of the article: "McElroy brothers want to destroy the Pope."

T: McElroy brothers vs. Pope.

G: Yeah, I'm going to say, tentatively, Nauru, and if there's any Nauru-ins out there, I want to apologize to you, specifically.

T: I want to blow up Naruto!

J: I'm going to blow up Menudo.

Garg: What's your favorite question that you've ever gotten?

T: I think my favorite questions are whenever we talk about horses. I don't know why, because independently, I don't have very strong feelings about horses whatsoever, but when you get the three of us together – very strong opinions about horses.

T: We know we have this strong urge to kill horses, but only together. Separate...

J: Yeah, right. We're like horse-killing Voltron.

Garg: It's a good thing you're separated.

Garg: What would your Yahoo Answers user name be?

J: You're asking me to associate myself with a group of people that I've spent my life trying to distance myself from.

T: It's hard not to answer things that are like "Getmeoutoftheinternet," and, umm...

G: Godhelpme22

J: I would just go with Dylan.

T: Mine would probably be OhMyGodWhyHaveYouForsakenMe11:)

G: I love the ones that are like, "I have infinite, infinite diarrhea" from... Mark Jeffries. Like, that's your fucking real name sir. Like, "Hey Mark, heard about the 'rrhea?"

Check out their website, MBMBAM.com, for over 70 podcast episodes of the show. Or, if you're not sure and just want a taste, check out their 13 minute sampler at bit.ly/itsMBMBAM

And check out gargmag.com for the full 11 page interview and 30 minute audio recording

ZombieJesus

MEGAN MOCKERIDGE

FANTASY FOOTBALL

Written by Strafe Maylance – Illustrated by McCriminal Wizard

We meet our intrepid adventurers travelling through the dangerous and foreign land of N'caa. Led by Denard "Shoemage" Robinson, the druid Roy Roundtree and the rogue Vincent "Shifty" Smith seek their fortune in the depths of the BIG TEN WASTELANDS, an untamed land full of large white men from Wisconsin and a bunch of snow. Our party presses forward against all odds, not knowing what they will find – a horde of treasure, a collection of ancient spells, or a silver football on top of a pedestal? Only time will tell…

Vincent: God damn, we've been walking through these large white men from Wisconsin for weeks now. When we gonna find our way out of here, Shoemage?

Denard confidently shoots a fireball at a nearby rabbit in an effort to obtain dinner for his party. He misses the mark by twenty yards, singeing the chest hair of the local fauna.

Denard: Man, I thought I asked you to stop callin' me that, 'cuz it doesn't make any sense, right? And I don't know, Al'Borgez told us to wander around slayin' shit until the end of November or something. He didn't even tell us what we were supposed to be do-

With a brilliant flash of light, the image of a bald, middle-aged man appears in the air above our heroes.

Al'Borgez: HEY GUYS.

Denard: Oh hey, Al, we were just talking about you.

Al'Borgez: I KNOW THIS, MORTALS. I HAVE TRAVELLED THE PLANES TO BRING YOU DIRE WARNINGS AND PROVIDE GUIDANCE ON THE ROAD AHEAD.

Vincent: Aw man, that's good, 'cuz we've been wandering around for like two months.

Al'Borgez: ALL WILL SOON BE CLEAR. BUT FIRST YOU MUST BE ON THE WATCH FOR ENEMIES FROM THE NORTH – LARGE GREEN SAVAGES WHO DERIVE THEIR TRADITIONS FROM COMIC BOOK MOVIES FROM 2006.

Denard: Oh, yeah, we ran into those guys last week. It was pretty bad – Roundtree turned himself into an Oak and hasn't spoken to us since – we think he's stuck this way. And Devin tried to shoot an arrow at one of them after he ran three yards off a cliff.

Roy Roundtree rustles sadly, dropping some leaves on Denard. Denard looks to the heavens in despair over his friend's condition.

Denard: I know, Buddy. I know.

Al'Borgez: OH, UH, SHIT. I GUESS I TOOK LONGER GETTING HERE THAN I EXPECTED. WELL, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GUIDE FOR THE NEXT LEG OF YOUR JOURNEY.

A temporal rift opens twenty feet above our party's heads, dropping Troy Woolfolk at the feet of Denard and Vincent. Troy's ankle shatters into a million pieces, drawing exasperated sighs from all in attendance.

Al'Borgez: WHOOPS! LOOKS LIKE I WAS AS ACCURATE AS ONE OF YOUR PASSES, DENARD! WELL, GOOD LUCK OR SOMETHING! JUST REMEMBER TO RUN PLAY ACTION ON 4TH AND 1 AND YOU'LL BE FINEEEEeeeee….

The phantasmal head slowly spirals out of existence, leaving the adventurers with an incapacitated cornerback/cleric.

Troy: Oh, Christ, not again.

Denard: Isn't that a damn shame, Vince? Looks like we'll be able to sleep easily during the next full moon.

Troy: What? You know that werewolf thing was a big joke, right? Don't you remember when you guys started calling me T-Wolf?

Vincent: That certainly sounds like something a werewolf would say, doesn't it? Anyway, what was Al saying about sending you as a guide?

Troy: Oh, right! Well, the next part of our journey begins just a couple miles to the west. Apparently, we're supposed to defeat thi-

Denard: Ha! Thanks, got it. See you later, T-Wolf!

And thus our warriors strike out towards the west, with a large oak tree in tow. Cresting a small hill, the barren tundra of Indiana stretches before them. Vincent and Denard share a nervous look, while Roy Roundtree's branches sway in the wind, obviously unsettled by the hellscape before them.

Denard: See that creepy-looking guy down there, Vince? That head is gigantic.

Vincent: Looks like he's reading something. Maybe an arcane tome of "How Not To Sling Magic Like a Blind Asshole"? You should ask to borrow it.

The three companions descend the side of the hill, warily approaching the man. He rises, throwing a magazine to the ground near their feet. Denard makes out the words 'Rail Sluts and Train Smut' as well as a picture of a man mounting a freight train.

Denard: I guess you're that guy from Purdue, huh?

Pete: You got that right, boy. And I'm afraid this is the end of the line for you. There are bigger forces at work here, and we can't rightly let you find that football, now.

Vincent: Oh, that weird silver thing everyone's talking about? Coach said it would be "tremendous" if we found it, but we're just lookin' for girls. Not really into the whole competition thing.

Pete: Yeah, and the last guys who came through here just wanted tattoos and blow. Well, let's make this quick, so Papa Pete can get back to his trains.

Pete reaches back behind a rock, producing a worryingly large sledgehammer. Vincent begins to run away and makes it three yards before Denard fires off a lightning bolt, hitting Vincent in stride, forgetting once again which team he is on. Roy Roundtree plunges his branches into the ground, causing a torrent of vines and branches to explode around Pete, constricting around his limbs and throat and lifting him into the air.

Pete: Oh, shit, I read a comic about this happening to a train once. A real pretty one, to-

The vines begin to violently pull apart the bones and joints of Purdue Pete, popping and cracking as he screams in agony. It is over as quickly as it starts. Denard apologetically helps Vincent to his feet.

Denard: Shit, 'Tree, good save.

Roy dips his branches appreciatively, or maybe it is just the wind howling across the lonely plains of this forsaken land.

BORDERS

A RETROSPECTIVE

By Ross Warman and Kyle Landgraf

When you hear the word "institution" thrown around in conversation, what do you think of? The Red Cross? A prestigious Ivy League University? Democracy? Wow, you're pretty stupid. The correct answer is overpriced bookstores! With the unfortunate closing of Borders Books, a titan among lesser beings (I'm looking at you, Dawn Treader Bookshop!), the city of Ann Arbor feels a little bit emptier. The news was devastating to our campus's population of ignorant freshmen purchasing textbooks, not to mention hundreds of pretentious assholes who now have to resort to pretending to read Leaves of Grass for attention while waiting in line at Five Guys. We all know where we were when we heard that the company had applied for Chapter 11 bankruptcy. In our grief, it was all we could do to bring ourselves to the dying store to pay our respects, grabbing up whatever we could find for 20-60% off. Afterwards, the city of Ann Arbor gave the store a proper Viking funeral, filling a longship with overstocked Blu-Ray copies of The Men Who Stare at Goats, leftover editions of Harry Potter (and to a lesser extent Artemis Fowl), cat calendars, and piles upon piles of unused gift cards, setting them ablaze, and pushing the burning mass out into the Huron river. The loss is devastating, but we keep ourselves together, day by day. So please join the Gargoyle in honoring a fallen comrade, a true institution. Remember the next time you curl up by the fire with a good book and a glass of wine to pour some out for ol' Borders. "NaNaNaNa, NaNaNaNa, Hey Hey Hey, Goodbye."

The closing of Borders' Ann Arbor location has sent shockwaves through the community. *The Gargoyle* took to the streets to find out what people were saying.

"Finally! This means more students will be forced to use Ulrich's. Which in turn means more fat stacks for yours truly."

-Mary-Sue Coleman

"What's a book?"

-Tate Forcier

"Those books were full of sin! Though Rachael Ray's 15 Minute Meals was full of delicious, easy to prepare meals. As well as sin."

-Street Preacher

"Back in my day, we didn't have any bookstores! Or any books! Outside of the Farmer's Almanc, that is. And of course, the Bible. And the Tijuana Bibles. My favorite was the one with that mulatto girl on Popeye."

-Old Man

"Well, that's one less gift-card my grandchildren will be receiving for every possible holiday!"

-Grandmother

"Now I'll have to walk across the street to Starbucks when I want to use the bathroom or panhandle"

-Homeless Man

"Without the Employee Suggestions, how else will people know they should read The Great Gatsby?"

-Overly-Enthusiastic Borders Employee

"I need a place to stay, you think they'll mind squatters?"

-Rich Rod

"Dammit! That was my entire career plan!"

-Lit Major

"I'll always regret not joining the Borders Rewards Club. It always seemed so exciting and magical."

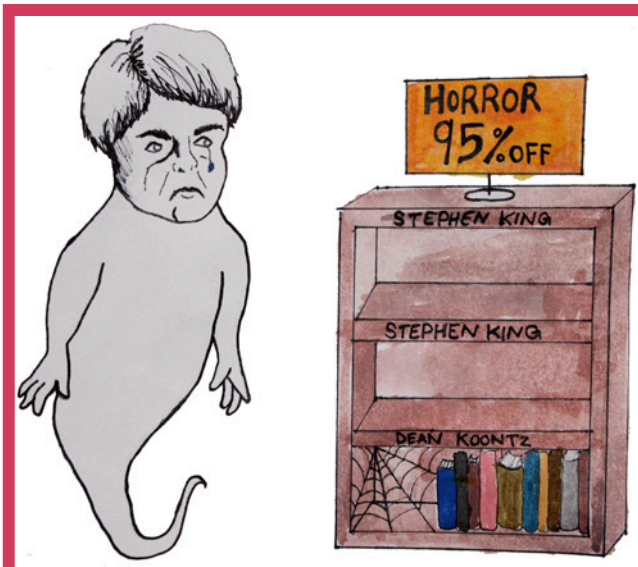
-Anyone

"This was but one battle in our eternal struggle. Our next target is border collies.

-Doctors Without Borders

In its wake, Borders leaves behind a cast of eccentric characters never to be seen again, at least not until they find the nearest Barnes & Noble.

A poorly disguised Ann Coulter strong-arming people into buying her latest book.



The Ghost of Dean Koontz.

The guy who feels compelled to pick up and comment on every impulse item available before reaching the cashier. "Look Honey, a tiny book of fart jokes! And a little wind-up cat. We should totally buy this for your sister. Oh look, bookmarks!"

The ignorant alpha-male buying a RHCP album for $10 more than it's worth.

The 12-year old sneaking looks into that copy of the Kama Sutra in the discount section.

The girl in cat ears perusing the manga section.

That romance/mystery author signing books at a card table. Try not to make eye contact.

That one guy looking for that book about the thing by what's-her-face.

The cute nerdy girl you had a fourty-five second conversation with in the "Science Fiction" section. She was probably your soul mate, bro. Shame you're such a pussy.

The hawk-eyed employee who intimidates you into putting books back exactly where you found them. Because he'll be damned if he's going to fix that shit.

That rubenesque guy with the goatee in the "Military Literature" section.

Coming to a Movie Theater Near You

BY MICHAEL STEPHENS

When you hear the words "film adaptation," what comes to mind? Adaptation of a book? Done to death. A video game? Culture at its lowest. The screenwriter's own real-life struggles in trying to write the increasingly self-referential screenplay adaptation of a book? Hold on there, Charlie Kaufman! These days, if you want to adapt something fresh into a movie, you have to think outside of the box. And the box in question is a literal one. That's what Peter Berg is doing with his upcoming 2012 film Battleship, starring Liam Neeson and Rihanna. And it's what the Gargoyle's very own production company, 20th Century Cocks, is doing with every film we produce from now on. Here's a few titillating press releases to seduce you into running to your nearest theater on opening day and using your hard-earned money to fund our surprisingly expensive habit of rolling birdshit and cocaine into little balls that strongly resemble nonpareils.

Enjoy the Sno-Caps, bitches.

Operation

Starring Patrick Dempsey, Donald Faison, Hugh Laurie, Neil Patrick Harris, and Robin Williams

Some of television's greatest surgical and medical minds must work together to cure a very wealthy chronic hypochondriac plagued by a flurry of maladies both real and imagined. Things are complicated even further when a certain clown doctor is assigned to the case, under the pretense of consulting on some of the patient's psychological symptoms, but when the patient's funny bone suddenly goes missing, the other doctors begin to suspect that his motive may not be the patient's health, but rather, just the opposite.

Hungry Hungry Hippos

Starring Paul Sorvino, Kevin James, John Goodman, and Rosie O'Donnell

In this spiritual sequel to *Reservoir Dogs*, four overweight strangers, codenamed Mr. Green, Mr. Orange, Mr. Yellow, and Mrs. Pink, come together to steal a hoard of twenty diamonds to finance their respective organ surgeries. What starts out as a simple, ordinary heist interrupted only by frequent McDonald's runs takes a turn for the worst when one of the bandits steals five of the diamonds for herself and stashes them in the one place she knows will be safest: her stomach. Now, it's a mad dash to see who can get away with the biggest take, who will survive when it's time to withdraw the diamonds from their safes, and who will remember to take their diabetes medication on time.

Connect Four

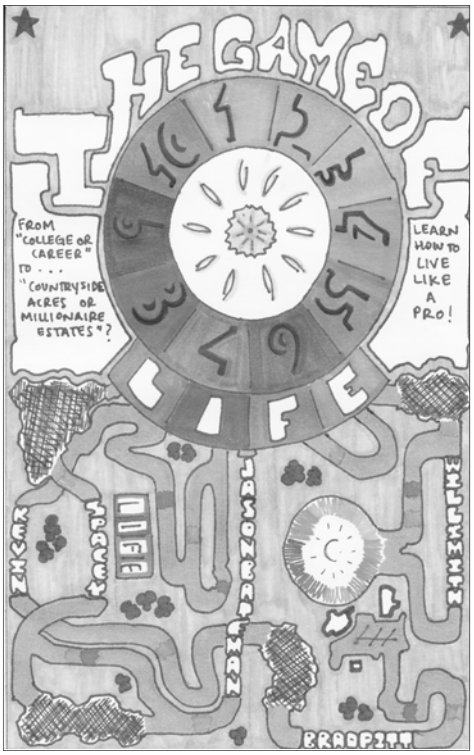
Starring Tom Cruise, Kevin Costner, Sam Worthington, and Mel Gibson

Four white supremacists fall in love with four girls from "inferior" civilizations and have to show their fellow white men who seek to dominate the other civilizations that all four civilizations can and should live together in harmony. One of the white guys is initially resistant to the idea of jungle fever, but his sister (who has gone black and can never go back) tricks him into falling for the racially dissimilar girl. This will lead to what will undoubtedly be one of the most memorable movie quotes of all time, "Pretty sneaky, sis."

Don't Break the Ice

Starring Robert Van Winkle as himself

In the wake of a tragic misunderstanding involving one of the Brooklyn zoo's most beloved animals, Rob Van Winkle finds himself on the run from a gauntlet of conmen, gangsters, corrupt policemen and angry seal tamers who all have one thing in common: they want to break the man formerly known as Vanilla Ice. Based on a true story.



The Game of Life

Starring Jason Bateman, Kevin Spacey, Will Smith, and Brad Pitt

A slice-of-life, character-centric story of four men's separate but intertwined searches for the American dream. The film follows the characters through all the major milestones of their lives, touching on several very real problems faced by the modern-day everyman: the decision of whether or not to go to college, the struggle to support an ever-expanding family, and the realization that the true key to winning at life is in fact stacks and stacks of money. They learn to overcome or live with these problems, for the most part, but there's one problem no one knows how to deal with: one of them is playing the game in reverse.

Point: God Is Calling On Me To Run for President

MICHELLE BACHMANN

Hello, I'm Michelle Bachmann, Congresswoman for Minnesota's 6th District and Republican Presidential Candidate. In this hotly contended presidential race, choosing the right candidate may be difficult. That's why I've come to make it easier for you all. I know that I am the right candidate because God is calling on me to run for president.

Yes, there are many candidates, each with strengths and weaknesses. However, only I have been selected by God. Both my husband Marcus and I have been praying on the subject and the results are clear. God wants me to run for president. Ever since I became a Christian at the age of 16, all of my prayers have gotten responses. It was God who told me to study accounting at Oral Roberts. It was God who brought me and my husband together. It was God who told me to ghost-write my novel. And it is God who is telling me to run for President.

You may be asking why God has chosen me, a simple Minnesotan woman, to deliver his message and work his will upon the Earth. It is because I understand what God wants for America. God wants marriage to remain between a man and a woman. God wants us to stop using the HPV vaccine. God wants us to lower taxes. That's why he sent Hurricane Irene.

The Republican Party can debate for as long as they want to and bicker over endorsments. But at the end of the day, I have an endorsement from the one person that matters: God

Counterpoint: Those Were Prank Calls

Look Michelle, this shit needs to stop. Like, right this me-damn instant. You've got some things totally wrong. Let me make this as clear as possible so that you can get it through your impossibly thick skull. Yes, I did call you. Yes, I said you should run for president. What don't seem to understand is that call was clearly a prank call.

Let me explain what happened. Zeus, The Coyote Spirt, the guys and I were having our usual Wednesday poker game. All of sudden, Odin shows up with two massive kegs full of his finest mead. Needless to say, we all got pretty wasted. Shenanigans ensued. Zeus ended up turing into a platypus and seducing a few U.S. Sentors, Shiva got tattoos on all of his arms, and I ended up calling a very gullible Midwestern woman and suggesting she run for President.

I was slurring like crazy! Why the hell would you think that I was being serious? Why would anyone think that? You're horribly unqualified to be a congresswoman, much less a president. You graduated from a bottom-of-the-barrel university, offer nothing to your country, and are a bigoted fool who has little to no understanding of how the world works. You don't even understand sarcasm! Like when I told you to go out with Marcus! It was a sarcastic suggestion: "Yeah Michelle, totally go out with that flaming queer. You can probably cure him of his homosexuality!"

Furthermore, I must have drunk dialed about 20 different people that night. I figured when Rick Perry, Mitt Romney, and that homeless woman who lives under the bridge near you were all saying that I told them to run, you might have put two and two together. No such luck! You are spectacularly dense, and in hindsight, I probably shouldn't have smoked that bowl before making the Midwest.

YAHWEH

I'm so sick of you all misinterpreting my messages. I guess I can't blame you though. Even I make mistakes. See, RuPaul and Ron Paul are right next to one another in my phone, and you can imagine Ron's confusion when I suggested he host a batshit crazy tea party. But me bless him, he sure as fuck ran with it.

Amphetamine Use at the University of Michigan - A Rigorous Study

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Given the apparent rise in amphetamine use amongst university students, this study seeks to explore the effects of said use on academic performance and social competency. Participants were selected in order to accurately describe the student population at the University of Michigan and on the basis that they do not have ADD, ADHD, or any other condition regularly treated by prescription amphetamines.

In order to ascertain the effects of amphetamines on student's academic performance, the participants were prescribed 30mg extended release capsules of Adderall and studied over the course of fifteen days. For the purpose of this study we will refer to the participants as Abraham and Joseph. The dosage was initially one capsule a day, but gradually increased to one every six hours as the researchers lost control over the experiment. The students were observed throughout all facets of their academic life, from class time to after-hours course work. A small heart-rate monitor was attached to the participants' wrists, and a concealed microphone recorded any audio the researchers were not able to overhear. Daily physicals were performed until later in the study when hypochondria began to manifest.

Day 1

The sample group was given a simple math exam five minutes after their first dosage. As time progressed, the students began spending an increasing amount of time on each problem (figure 1), until the examiners determined that they could never reach the second half. We have tentatively dubbed this the "Upper limit." Although all solved problems were not only correct, but derived from the fundamental principles, the participants spent an inordinate amount of time fitting all of their calculations on progressively smaller sheets of paper. They were given a bottle of NyQuil, and were dismissed for the night.

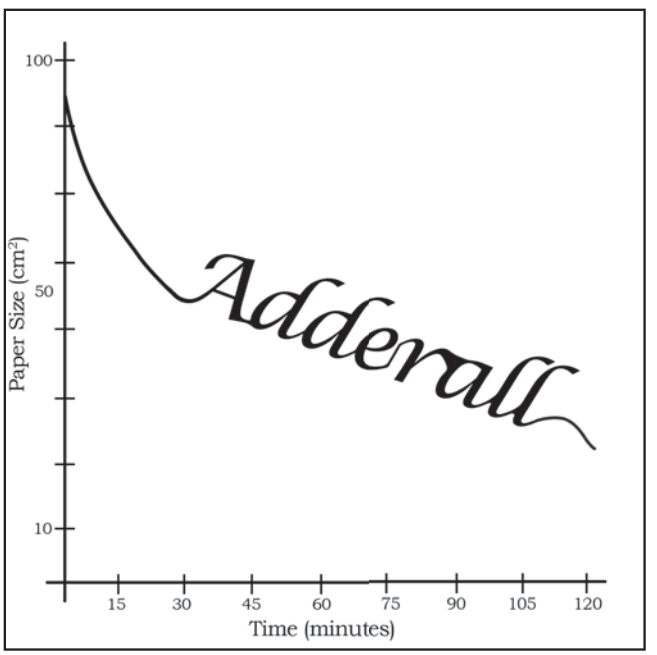

Figure 1: At approximately 30 minutes the participants began to fold the paper in an unexpected, erratic manner. We are still investigating this phenomena and believe it may be a precursor to autism.

Day 4

Throughout the day we observed the students' decorum in class. A radius of two empty seats surrounded Joseph due to his well-constructed binder fort. Seven minutes into the class period, Abraham, frustrated, stood up, pointed at the professor and asked who taught her how to write a theta because hers were "bullshit, total bullshit." After attempting to lecture on the subject and tuck the professor's shirt in, he was escorted out of the building. Subsequently Joseph began construction on a moat, but ran out of class time.

Day 8

After increasing the dosage to 60mg a day, we placed the subjects in an enclosed room. We provided them each with an article about Nationalized Health Care, and asked them to take opposing sides on the issue. While the study was fruitful at first, the debate quickly devolved into whether or not blue jeans should be worn in the summer. The experiment was abandoned after Joseph threw his coffee cup at the wall in an attempt to explain why "Abraham is a dick".

Day 14

The subjects were taken to an EEG lab in order to determine whether the amphetamines had any quantitative effect on brain activity. At first, the technician could not make out any definitive images due to the excessive quivering of the participants, but they seemed to calm down once straps were administered and threats were played on the loudspeaker.

Abraham and Joseph were first shown images of their loved ones, and were asked to recount emotional life experiences. After the scans showed almost no response, pornographic images were displayed in rapid succession. The scans showed similar inactivity, except a sharp spike (figure 2) in Abraham's impulses, which he explained was caused by concern over whether a blemish on one of the actresses was evidence of melanoma.

Finally, the participants were shown a series of images representing incongruity, i.e. a poorly stapled stack of papers, a slightly asymmetrical circle, etc. In all cases, the test subjects became too violent to continue the test.

Halfway through the study we turned our attention to the social effects of amphetamine use:

Day 17

Each test subject was randomly assigned a "date" according to their sexual preference, and given an appropriate stipend for the event. The following are excerpts from the transcriptions.

Abraham's Date: So, do you have any siblings?
Abraham: Yes.
AD: Oh.
Three minutes of silence.
AD: Well I have an older-
A: Do you have any siblings?

Joseph: Am I going crazy or is it like, super fucking noisy in here? Wait, what was your name again?
Joseph's Date: I guess, and it's (name withheld). You just asked me that.
J: Oh yeah, sorry. To be honest I'm not even that hungry. It would make more sense to just split the money I got for this, that way we could spend it on whatever.
JD: I'm pretty hungry actually.
J: That's perfect, then you already know what you'll spend your cut on.

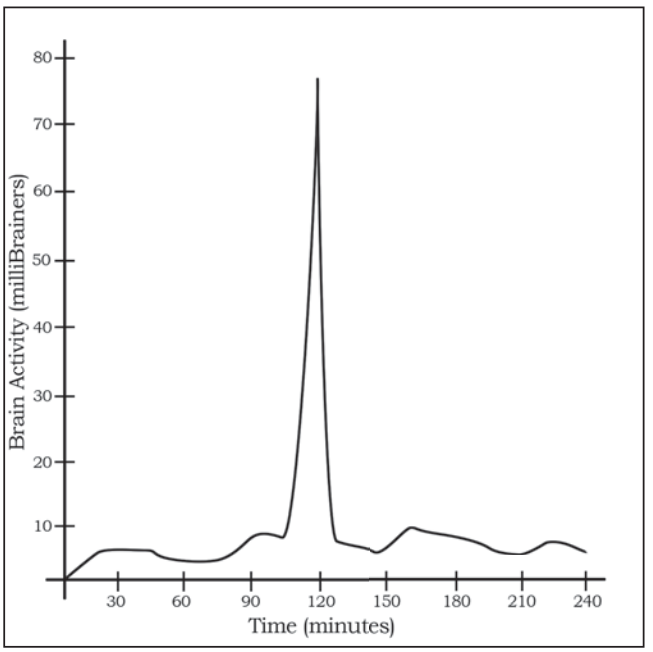

Figure 2: A graph of Abraham's brain activity (usually measured in picoBrainers for healthy adults). The sharp spike around 120 minutes was due to Abraham's concern over the health of a porn star, however, brain activity of this magnitude is also an indication of savant-like genius or holding in a fart.

Day 21

By the third week, the participants' personal hygiene and general appearance had changed significantly. The subjects had condensed their wardrobe to what they considered to be the three most "efficient" outfits, generally track suits and onesies.

Similarly, the participants' general opinion on showering and other forms of cleanliness had plummeted since the experiment began. After taking small skin samples, it was determined that both subjects had developed an extra protective layer of dermis composed of dead skin, perspiration and pencil shavings. Neither of the participants seemed disturbed by this, and Abraham was particularly interested in whether or not it could develop into a permanent shell.

Day 24

The test subjects were observed at a house party on a Friday night. Abraham spent the majority of the night chain-smoking, stating that the indistinguishable quality of the solo cups had given him a major breakthrough in his research. Joseph reported a successful night, having talked to every attendee for a time proportional to their height. The party was in general a success, there were no major altercations between the participants and the other party guests, and the researchers totally got laid. In particular, the hosts were impressed by Joseph's ability to tap the keg, as he had brought thermite and a blast shield for extreme precision.

Day 27

Medicinal marijuana was obtained from Joseph's uncle and administered to the sample group in order to study the effects that recreational drugs have in tandem with prescription amphetamines. Roughly 120 seconds after THC absorption, the subjects began to slow down and their average number of collisions tended to decrease. After an hour, Abraham and Joseph had reached their lowest energy state. Unable to sleep, yet completely unresponsive, we declared them temporarily comatose. After another 20 minutes, the test subjects requested ramen noodles, "but don't cook it or anything, I just wanna chew on something crunchy." When asked to perform simple tasks such as reading a passage out loud, Joseph simply stared blankly at the sheet of paper, silently began to cry, and told us that he wished to go home. Abraham quietly smoked a cigarette in the laboratory and called his parents after realizing that his cell phone had been off since the beginning of the study.

Day 30

As the experiment came to an end the participants saw us off with a smile and a handshake, however it was evident that nerve damage had set in and Abraham could not stop smiling. Joseph had inadvertently developed bear-like strength in his right hand, as he had it clenched for 20 days of the 30 day study. Both participants, unbeknownst to us, had published papers in Nature and achieved a 4.0 GPA while taking 27 credits each. However their social lives had deteriorated beyond repair and now they can only speak in Java. We are currently involved in litigation with their parents.

We would like to thank the following sponsors for their generous funding: The National Science Foundation, Kyle from South Quad, Medicare's "Don't Ask Don't Tell" policy and those two poor girls we roped in for the dates.

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